

The History of

A poore vnminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gaue him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
He came but to the Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his liuery and beg his peace.
With teares of innocency and tearmes of zeale,
My father in kind heart and pity mou'd,
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and barrons of the realme,
Perceiu'd Northumberland did leape to him,
The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attend him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oathes,
Gaue him their heirs, as pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He presently as greatnesse knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh
And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and some straighe decrees
That lie to heauy on the common-wealth,
Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
Ouer his Country wrongs, and by this face,
This seeming brow of iustice, did he winne
The hearts of al that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me of the heads
Of al the fauourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personall in the Irish warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hot. Then to the point,
In short time after, he depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
And in the neck of that, task't the whole state:
To make that worse suffered his kinsman March,
(Who is, if euery owner were well plac'd,

Henry the

Indeede his King) to be inga
There without rancome to lie
Disgrac't me in my happy vie
Sought to intrap me by intell
Rated mine vnclie from the c
In rage dismisde my father fro
Broke othe on othe, committe
And in conclusion, droue vs
This head of safety, and with
Into his title, the which we fi
Too indirec't for long contin

Blunt. Shal I returne this a

Hot. Not so, sir Walter. VV

Go to the King, and let there
Some surety for a safe returne
And in the morning early sh
Bring him our porpose and s

Blunt. I would you would a

Hot. And may be, so we sh

Blunt. Pray God you do.

Enter Archbishop of Yorke

Arch. Hie, good sir Mighel,
VVith winged hast to the Lo
This to my coofin Scroope, a
To whom they are directed. I
How much they do import, y

Sir M. My good Lord, I g

Arch. Like enough you do
To morrow, good sir Mighe
VVherein, the fortune of ter
Must bide the touch. For sir,
As I am truely giuen to vnder
The King with mighty and q
Meetes with Lord Harry, a
VVhat with the sicknesse of
VVhose power was in the fir
And what Owen Glendower
VVho with them was rated si

I

Indeede